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TWO LEGENDS.



A SOUVENIR OF

Godus Bay.

BY MRS. B. C. RUDE.



AUG 16 1900

TWO LEGENDS

A SOUVENIR OF SODUS BAY

BY

MRS. B. C. RUDE

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TO

HON. LEWIS H. CLARK

Teacher; Historian and Patriot

In kindly remembrance of his efforts when, in years gone by, he first guided the author's youthful steps in the paths of literature and learning, and as a testimonial to the public spirit and devotion to duty with which, during half a century he has continuously and unselfishly labored to raise the moral and intellectual tone, and to further the interests of this community, this little effort is respectfully dedicated

MRS. B. C. RUDE

Sodus, New York, July 4th, 1900



Loga, Neoga and Kenoga Islands

THE SPRITE.

A LEGEND OF SODUS BAY.

PRELUDE.

A Cannon shot from Cumorah,
Where Smith unearthed the Mormon Law,
If aimed with skill, would send a shot
Within the spirit-haunted spot
Where roamed at will Ganargua's Ghost—
A licensed guest with Fox as host.—
Of flesh divested, this strange guest
'Mong human hearts made nightly quest,
And reached fame's pinnacle of toil,
While planting 'neath our native soil
A creed of magnitude so great
That it hath tinctured church and state.
Now, who shall say this ghost was not
The martyred Smith, whose earthly lot
Too narrow grown, he now o'er-leaps
His charnel-house, and vigil keeps
O'er humbugs, creeds, which far outvie
The visions taught by Moroni?

From Cumorah loud cannonades
Would echo through the hills and glades,
Where fair Ontario restless beats
My homestead shore, and oft repeats
The superstitions, century grown,
In morning tides, or evening moan.
Fair Sodus Bay now softly smiles,

And, reaching forth, with artless wiles,
Like cradled babe on parent breast,
Heeds not Ontario's wild unrest,
But bounds, recedes, and babbling, tells
This legend to the beaux and belles,
Who, floating 'mong the rushes, dream
That life's a charmed bay or stream
Where water lillies lie in state,
Their love-lit breasts to decorate.
What wonder, then, my memory clings
To harmless legends' glimmerings,
While casting out the harmful creeds
Of selfish men and selfish deeds?

—❖—

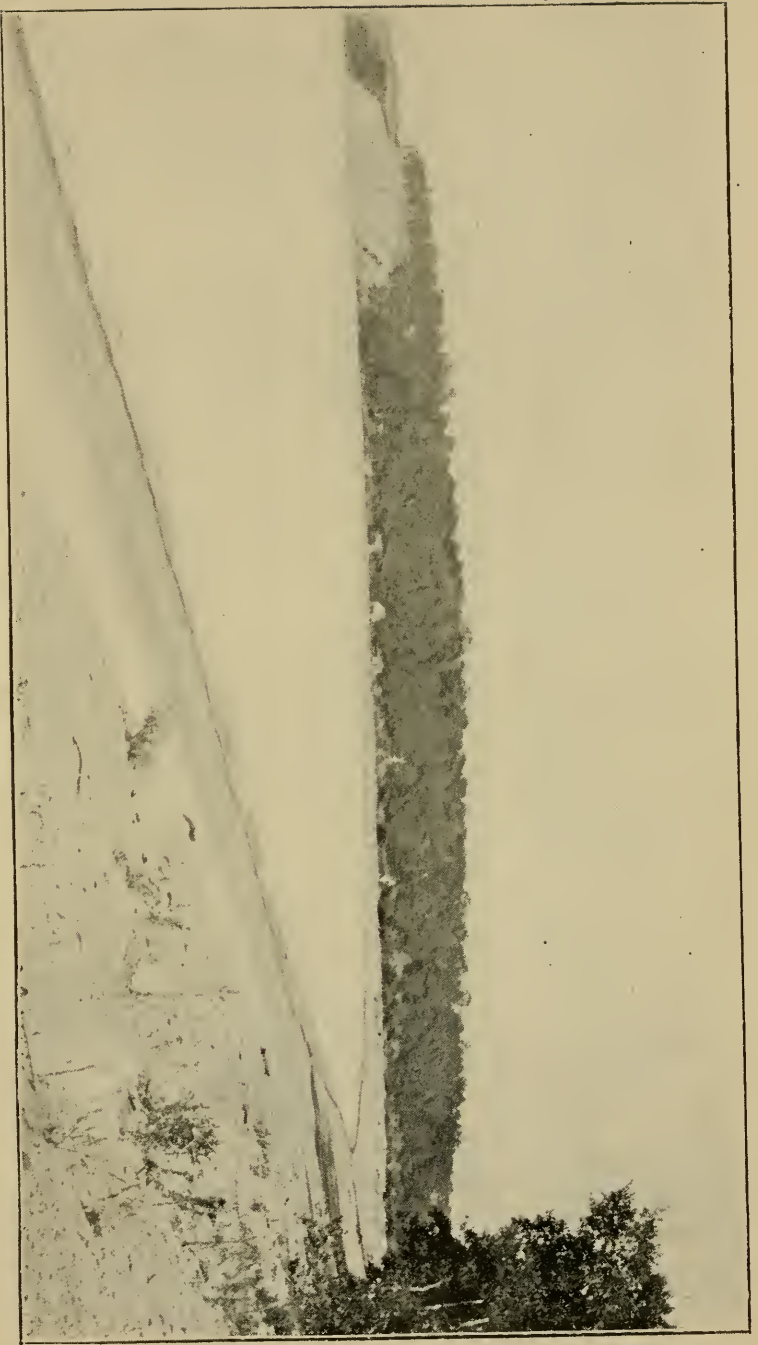
THE LEGEND.

A miser, Dobbs, in early life,
By mischance, won a high-born wife,
Before his youthful instinct, greed,
Had crystalized in sordid deed.
The "Harkness House," with coffered wealth,
Grown, like its owner, tinged by stealth,
And void of solace, love, or hope,
Shamefaced, adown a terraced slope
Glanced sadly at the waves below,
Kissed by our fair Ontario.
'Twas generous of Death to bring
A sister's child, for fostering,
For, gold was God with Dobbs, and she,
Reared in the lap of luxury,
Where lavish hands dispensed "good cheer"
To friend and neighbor, far or near,
Felt dwarfed and smothered, as if e'en
The air had economic grown, and mean.
Her husband's barren soul had naught
Of human love, or treasured thought:
And so, she turned, unreconciled,
Half recompensed, unto the child.
Like chicks unhovered, centering 'round
A common want, these two now found
That sympathy by fate denied,

Which kinship's touch now sanctified.
But when disease the wife o'ertook,
She, Dobbs's meanness ill could brook:
His tightening grasp, now chafed and wore
Upon her heart strings, torn and sore,
Till even death was glad surcease—
A guerdon clasp, which brought release
Unfettered, freed, her soul at last
From out beneath Dobbs' shadow passed.
A friendly grave its sods now pressed
Above her weary, aching breast:
While Katharine Kline unloved, alone,
Beside that grave made patient moan.
Ganargua's Ghost, 'twas said, was roaming
Among the shadows of the gloaming,
And Foxes practicing seance,
With Horace Greely on finance,
Till Dobbs's wife was heard to moan,
And mediums when Dobbs, alone,
Sat at his frugal meal at night,
Oft called her in to cheer (?) his sight.
Strange "rappings," too, 'twas said he heard,
But clutched his gold, nor spoke nor stirred.
But ere the morrow's sun went down,
Upon a hill-side bare and brown,
Within a mean and lowly cot,
Poor Katharine Kline bemoaned her lot.
While Dobbs, a grinning specter, he
Told o'er his coins with hideous glee.
Now it was said the "rappings" still
Resounded through the house at will.
It stood deserted, and the ghosts
Themselves invited as its hosts;
But many times I've climbed the stair,
And listened to the "rappings" there,
And waited till my favorite mouse—
Companion ghost within the house—
Came shyly forth for its repast
Of bread and cheese before it cast.

Friend mouse retreating, I have stayed,
And, gazing out the window, played
That I was queen of all I saw,
That I unto myself was law.
A realm was mine, and every sail
Which gayly tipped before the gale,
Was subject to my childish will,
So lavishly did Nature fill
My soul athirst. Her varying moods
Of lake and headland, shore and woods,
All catered to my youthful whim
Till life o'erflowed its joyous brim.
'Twas here with Esther, Tom, and Har,
And Lottie too, I watched for Nan.
'Twas here we stood so still and sly
Ofttimes when she in passing by,
With superstitious dread and fear,
Now paused, now hurried, as her ear
Caught our low giggle floating down
From those tall windows bare and brown.
E'en Katharine Kline ne'er deigned a glance
At that lone house, except askance.
One pathway to the grave-yard led
Along the shore, and, comforted
By sweet communion with the waves,
She respite found among the graves,
Which, with their marble slabs so white,
A signal stood throughout the night.
And, standing still in family rows,
Brought e'er a feeling of repose
To sleepless sailors as they passed,
And homesick eyes to shoreward cast.
What wonder that this heart so reft,
In nature sought the gaping cleft
To fill with thoughts of beauteous grace,
And God-love full and plenteous.
Companionship by Dobbs denied,
Her charms she wisely sought to hide,
And, bonneted, would shyly pass

“The cliff's stern front”



Full many an eager lad and lass,
When all her soul was brimming full
Of unspent love, as beautiful
And pure as sparkling drops that lie
And tremble 'neath the morning sky,
And so this humble rustic girl,
Now guarded by this miser churl,
Her hermit life with grace endured,
Like caged bird unto bars inured,
Within her narrow cell at night,
A light-house cast its fitful light,
And flitting o'er the barrenness,
Beguiled her oft to rest and peace.
For years from off a lurching pier
This tower had smiled with sickly fear.
Committees had of late been chosen,
(Just as an opiate to doze on)
The ears of citizens to court,
Professedly to make report
Upon the safety of this piece
Of wave worn sham and rottenness.
Old keeper May, grown tottering too,
Now recognized his service through,
And to his son, reluctantly,
Resigned with tears the massive key,
Which half a century had made
For him and his a stock in trade.
"My Boy you know nor fear nor wrong;
My limbs are failing, yours are strong.
Long time I've toiled. I now resign
To you this trust, Oh boy of mine;"
The keeper ceased, and smiled, relieved,
As Morris this new charge received.
'Twas but a sun-rift in a cloud:
Before an hour he cried aloud:
"Oh Morris, Son, a gale is near,
Unto the lighthouse! Heed no fear!
No matter, Boy, how wild the night,—
Keep thou the lamps well trimmed, and bright.

Thy father's eye will vigil keep,
Nor dare a moment's loss in sleep."
He flew in haste. A father's pride
In Morris May was satisfied.
While Hannah May, his mother, gazed,
Half angered, stupefied, amazed.
And Katharine Kline (though no one knew it)
Was at her window, looking through it.
She held a secret half unguessed,
Yet hugged it close, with wild unrest.
The sun went out in storm and cloud.
The night grew black. The winds grew loud.
And Katharine sat, her brown hair falling
About her shoulders plump and bare,
When suddenly, her uncle, calling,
Cried "Kath-a-r-e-e-n be ye there?"
(Now heavier the angry roar.)
With pallid face, within her door,
And bony finger lifted high,
And wildly gazing sunken eye,
Dobbs cried: "Old keeper May! The pier!
The pier I say, Girl, do you hear?"
Then dazed, and with uncertain tread,
The withered miser sought his bed.
She heard no more. The slipped form,
Was battling with the blinding storm.
With flowing robe, uncovered head,
Yet nothing daunted, on she sped
Till on the trembling pier she stands,
And helpless lifts to heaven her hands.
A strange procession, wave on wave,
Like bearers to a watery grave.
"Oh God, my Father, be my guide,
And bear me through the threatening tide."
She enters, and with bated breath,
The wild waves pause their sweep of death.
Heroic ardor fills her soul.
About her head the wild waves roll,
But spend themselves in harmless feint.

While flashing lights soft halos paint.
The tower is reached. And just before,
Behold! The stont barred oaken door.
Behold again! This reckless maid
Stands fixed, irresolute, dismayed,
By chance upon the sheltered side,
For with one fearful, fateful stride,
The maddened waves defiant leap,
While Katharine, in the door way deep,
Now crouches with a maiden fear.
A vessel seeks to round the pier.
A shout breaks on the lonesome hour.
A prayer resounds throughout the tower.
Grown bold the maiden joins, and now
With harbor made, and home, bent prow,
A battered boat unconscious leaves
A helpless girl beneath the eaves.
Brave Morris May, his father's word
Resounding still, the prayer had heard.
But at his post he trembling stayed.
Now lo! The tower is lifted, swayed.
Reluctantly he turned the wheel,
Then felt his waning courage reel.
"God save him," half unconsciously
The maiden prayed, then swooned away.
With one great bound he cleared the stair,
Unclasped the door, and, crouching there,
He saw a shrinking maiden form,
Who, part restored, now braved the storm
The angry waves, quick falling back,
Revealed, beneath, a watery track,
As when a murderous hand uplifted,
Is checked by sense of presence gifted.
This pathway following, he bore
His precious burden to the shore.
Scarce reached it, when a sullen groan,
A creak, a plunge, a dying moan,
A rush of waters, and a waste,
Made each toward each, gaze all aghast.

As if some giant, death defied,
Succumbed at last, dissatisfied,
The lighthouse sank with glaring eyes,
While gurgling waters gulphed their prize.
"The Spirite" now hid her dainty face,
And with a supple, easy grace,
Quick pointing toward a sandy height,
She breathed a sweetly-soft "good night,"
And she was not. This checked the joy
Of the bewildered, grateful boy.
But now, new thoughts his senses bind.
His mother's voice floats on the wind.
She clasps him, crying "where's the sperrit?
And has it flown, and you so near it?
But sperrits soar where mortals mayn't"
"Well, be she spirit, flesh or saint,
Go home and leave me to my work.
For thy son, mother, must not shirk."
She strained her eyes far o'er the lake.
"Then go," she said, "for mercy's sake."



A gathering crowd of fishermen
Received, right glad, our hero, when,
Quick rallying from the frigh tful shock,
With purpose strong, he neared the dock.
"Who'll plant a light off Charles's point?
He cried, believe me, 'tis no taunt.
Come sailors, quick for farther shore,
Or haunting ghosts, above the roar,
Shall mock us for our craven fears,
On sleepless nights throughout the years."
Some paled, but one brave boatman cried:
"For forty years, I've stemmed the tide.
No stripling shall his children tell,
How'er the night, that Johnny Bell
Fell back amid a gaping crowd,
Or crouched in fear, when breakers loud
Portrayed the anger of the main,
While human beings cried in vain.

Yes Morris, lad, I'll tack about,
Now come who will, be man or lout."
First, Morris May, then, ten tall braves
Leaped in the boat, and rocked the waves,
While lingering louts foretold their doom,
As slow, shamed-faced, they sauntered home
To see, till morn, from Charles's height,
Against the blackness, glow a light.
Salvation's star to ships returning,
They passed beside its friendly burning,
By our young hero deftly planned,
All, half unriggered, but none unmanned.



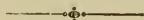
The storm king now, his fury spent,
Behind his cloud-pavilion went.
And, riding swift athwart the sky,
Was lost in hazy imagery.
But ere the noon, good Hannah's story
Had won for Morris fame and glory,
While Superstitions's fairy hands
Had woven in her fancy strands,
Till busy neighbors skilled in weaving,
A pattern showed of broidered thought,
So deftly traced, so finely wrought,
So charming to this gentle folk,
Who would the sentence dare revoke,
That 'twas a miracle of grace,
And that no mortal eye could trace
The pathway of the angel guide,
Who bore the youth along the tide,
Nor hand could trace the halos rare,
About this being of the air?
These glory rays, when centered, bound.
With golden clasp, the legend 'round.
But Morris whispered "One hath prayed
Whom e'en the winds and waves obeyed.
I know a maiden's heart hath beat
Beneath my clasp. O, joy complete.
I know a glimpse of Paradise



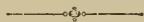
" Their few survivors mount the hill "

Hath reached me through a maiden's eyes.
Those gentle words, 'good night,' shall be
My talisman of victory."
He kept his secret in his breast,
And went that night to make his quest
Beneath the stars, among the sands,
(Concealing well, with careful hands,
All traces of his unknown guide
Who sought identity to hide)
When, lo! a slipper, neat and small,
Of red morocco, paid his toil.
He clasped it, crying: "Heavenly guest!
O, slippered Angel of my heart,
Dear slipper, we will never part."
"Till thou art mated," cried a voice.—
(Lo, Bell would with the lad rejoice.)—
"Ho, ho, he, he, a slipper, slipper,"
Cried the new elated skipper.
"Then angels when they fly too low,
Mishaps, sometimes, do undergo,
And, touch betimes, the sands of life,
And lose their 'soles' in worldly strife "
"Stand back!" cried Morris, "How dare you——?"
"My ghostly wanderings persue,"
(Cried Bell. "Behold, Sir!" Morris cried,
"I seek these traces all to hide."
"And I" cried Bell, "have sought the same.
Together let us play the game."
The lad aroused, half frowning, turned.
The skipper felt his proffers spurned.
And, trembling from limb to limb,
He gazed, through tearful eyes, and dim,
As if by inspiration, posed
The faithful skipper, or had closed
Mayhap, the sequel to this tale.
In earnest attitude, and pale
He thus began: "Adown the years
A haunting vision reappears,
Which scarred and seamed me o'er and o'er,

And, whether on the sea or shore,
Made me the victim of excess—
Old skipper Bell, nor more, nor less.—
I loved, I doubted, and I lost.
Again, I'd win at any cost.
Unasked, some maiden heart has brought
Its wealth of treasure, and unsought,
Before thy youthful, manly shrine,
Has poured from out love's hidden mine
Its store, then, shyly, in retreat,
A penance seeks in homage sweet.
It may be skipper Bell has found,
At last, disabled, and aground,
A light employment, where his skill
May show its self. But fear no ill.
His interest shall ne'er be sated,
Until the slipper shall be mated."
And, with an honest joy, he pressed
The proffered hand, and each confessed
A lasting friendship, odd to see,
Twixt Morris May and such as he.
But so it has been since the flood—
A common cause makes common blood.



They homeward turned, and now they meet
A fisher boy with bare, brown feet.
"Old Dobbs is dead," he cried in glee,
And hastened on. "They say that she—
The girl—is sweet, I scarcely know her,
Though oft we've met upon the shore.
But maids are all alike to me,
Except my 'angel,' fair you see,
With flowing robe, and flowing hair,
A being of the upper air."
And lightly Morris said "good night,"
And, filled with heavenly visions bright,
Turned toward his couch and sweetly slept.
The skipper at his lightness wept.



The morning dawned, and Morris lay
Enwrapped in silent revery.
“Well! Dobbs is dead,” fell on his ear,
His mother’s accents ringing clear,—
“Young Katharine found him stark, and dead,
And will not now be comforted.—
She raised, ’tis said, a piercing cry,
Which caught the ears of passers by,”
“Oh, well,” cried gentle keeper May,
“Why wonder, woman, in this day?”
(With dignity assumed, in manner.
He was not glib of tongue, like Hannah.)
“And when you see a thing that’s strange,
Just call it ‘Miracle,’ for change.”
“What heresy,” cried Hannah, ’roused,
And lustily her cause espoused.
“Love, Hannah, love, and nothing less,
Has prompted all this recklessness.
And were I young as is my boy,
I’d quick these foolish whims destroy.”
Whereat good Hannah knit her brow.
Dame Nancy Moffet entered now.
“Good Keeper May, I see a light,
And hoverin’ angels, robed in white,
An’ shinin’ forms went in and out
From Dobbs’s winder, and about,
And in the morn old Dobbs was dead;
“What meaneth this?” good Hannah said,
While keeper May now bowed his head,
Till Morris, entering with respect,
And standing near them, stood erect;
Then, gazing proudly, eager sought
Within those eyes his answered thought.
It came in twinklings—Keeper May
Chagrin forgot, gave Hannah sway,
In thought and purpose reconciled,
The son and father quiet smiled.

A place where superstitions grow right well,

Was just the place for miser Dobbs to dwell.
In life, his hand was ever 'gainst each man;
In death, all shared a common burial plan.
A long procession dignified his dust;
A simple folk fulfilled a grateful trust.
In haste, this grateful throng, with gaping wonder,
Now tore old Dobbs's dreary den asunder.

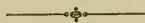
—◆—
When death unclasps the miser's tightening hold
Upon his moth-corrupted treasure, gold,
How curious neighbors prowl like wolves, in
packs,
Through dusty garrets, mouldy cellars, cracks
And crevices, to find a nickel, rare,
Or eagle, buried 'neath some rotting stair.
And when 'tis found, they gloat with eager eyes—
These stealthy misers, clad in neighbors' guise—

—◆—
Among the treasures hid away,
A red morocco slipper lay.
A neighbor pinched the dainty toe.
“ 'Tis filled with sand,” with careless throw,
He said, while skipper Bell, alert,
Filled, lazily, the thing with dirt.
But, when unseen, he fondly pressed
The prize beneath his sailor vest.
Fair Katharine Kline, an heiress now,
And being free to smile and bow,
Her charms by broided dress enhanced,
Vied with the sun, which shyly glanced
Through gauze and fringe of cloud and mist,
And, morn and eve, her soft cheek kissed.
As if to shield her beauteous grace,
She fitted up the “Harkness Place.”
And, soon, 'neath paint and fond repair,
And Katharine's unremitting care,
This haunted house among the trees,
Which told its tale in sighing breeze,

Revived, unto its porches drew
The village maidens. Not a few
More favored lads, or young men, rather, •
Were wont, on summer eves to gather,
As escort more for timid maid,
Than suitor for the one who stayed.
Our village tutor, half inspired,
Our ardent love of learning fired.
Till youthful "Literati" sought
To plume and ventilate their thought,
And many hours with Katharine spent
In study, earnest and intent.
Grim Death grew strangely tender, kind,
When, leaving kith and kin behind,
Old Dobbs was followed by old Moffet—
The neighbors said "en route for 'Tophet.'"
But Nancy said "Jeduthun died
With my old bible at his side.
An' loudly he for mercy cried.
The gentle simmerin' of the kettle,
An' Towser's moanin' just a little,
Was all the sounds there was a stirrin'
Save, maybe, all the cats a purrin,'"
(And Nancy had of cats a score,
Nineteen I know, I think one more)
'When suddenly, he said to me
'Ole Nan, Ole wife, eternitee
Is starin' me full in the face.'
(I held his hand and said my Grace)
'An' if you say I'll be forgiven,
An' find my way clean into heaven,
I'll go to sleep just like a child.'
An' then he looked at me an' smiled.
'An' you forgive me Nan, ole Nan?
If you forgive me, Jesus can.
Were't not for them 't drove me wild,
I'd had my birthright ready filed.
Tell Farrel he was brave and true,
When he refused to join the crew

That brought me gin, and brought to you
Such sorrow and such sufferin' too.'
An' then he sobbed, an' such repentin',
An' when such prayers as these are sent in
Before the throne where God is livin'
'Tis then I know there is forgivin.' "

And no one doubted, after this,
That Moffet's soul found rest and peace.
And preacher Baxter did his best
To leave untroubled Moffet's rest.
The sod had scarcely knitted o'er
That lowly grave, when, at each door,
Dame Nancy claimed the right of kin
To Katharine Kline, who with chagrin
Unfeigned, received it, but convinced
By Nancy's tale, nor shrank nor winced,
But early past our cottage door,
Sweet Katharine to her cottage bore
In tenderness, a well known form,
All bent with age, and scathed by storm.
And, seated 'mong her relics, Nancy
For years indulged her childish fancy,
By weaving superstitious stories,
Like pretty wreaths of morning glories
About a branch all withered, bare,
To children lingering 'round her chair,
And, laden with this weight of bloom,
Dame Nancy travelled to the tomb;
And preacher Baxter shed a tear
With kindly neighbors, o'er her bier.



And now to change a wearying rhyme,
We weave a revery of that time.
When I was a child, the neighbors all smiled
At mention of Moffet and Nancy.
Their old house was sunny, their ways were so
funny;
They lived in a clearing. I fancy
To-day, that I hear, ringing out loud and clear

Dame Nancy's voice, calling the kine from the
wood.

While lustily "bawling," came Betty and Prude,
While on the fence perching, was many an urchin,
All hoping, yet fearing Dame Nancy's appearing.
We slid from the picket, when, out from the
thicket

A clambering o'er logs came Dame Nan and her
dogs.

A moment of gaping, and then such a flapping
Of loose little pants; such a jumping and leaping,
With eyes all askance, and loose frocks a sweeping
To the haunted old house on the corner, and there
Once securely housed, we proceeded to stare.

Dame Nancy was harmless, and all of us knew it;
Though we, for the lives of us couldn't see
through it;

For, Nancy in woolen, was frowsy and old
And, everyone said, was "a sight to behold,"
While from daylight till dark, old Bruno and
Towser

Would go "bark, bark, bark, bark,"
Then "bow, wow, wow, wow" sir.
And, though we were taught that barking dogs
bite not;

Yet, ever we reasoned, they might, and they might
not;

But for fear that they might, we'll just get out of
sight;

And so, in the top of the old haunted house,
Each little sprite stood as still as a mouse,
Till the queer looking trio had passed out of sight;
Then with clapping, and "heigho" ran out with
delight.

Now Moffet, Nan's husband, was uglier than she.
Sometimes, he was ugly as ugly could be.
Dame Nan read her bible, and Bunyan, and often,
When talking of heaven, her old eyes would soften.
But he kept a pail with a bung like a barrel.

And most of the neighbors 'cept dear Mr. Farrel,
Would take it to town, and get it refilled,
When passing the place where gin was distilled.
And, whenever you noticed his tongue growing
thicker,
You might know that old Moffet, again, was in
liquor.
And always, his spite he would vent on dear Far-
rel,
Who avoided his pail, with a bung like a barrel.
'Twas a source of annoyance to Farrell, my father.
And caused us a sight of vexation and bother.
Sometimes, at our gate, he would prattle and
prate,
Or swear, till the ends of my hair stood up
straight.
Thus sympathy drew me quite near to Dame
Nancy,
And filled me, I own, with a rare childish fancy
For this creature so strange, who used to decoy
me,
To their old house so filled with such curious
things,
With laces and silks, with hair relics and rings,
Profiles and head-gear, strange bonnets, I ween
Full pretty enough for the head of a queen.
While armor and fishing-rods hung on the wall,
A show of old splendor thus bright'ning it all.
While Nancy, with pride, would whisper, aside,
"My folks was folks, though most of 'em's died.
I've made a fool of myself, an' there's no denyin'
it,"
She'd say with a voice which had a deep sigh in it.
"Katharine Kline," said she once, "is my own
cousin's child,
'Twas my cousin who married old Dobbs," and
she smiled.
"All that old miser's wealth was secured by
stealth

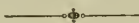
(Little comfort he took with his ill-gotten pelf)
From the old and renowned Delancy estate.
I'm the creature of fate, since Moffet's my mate.
But sweet Katharine Kline a fair lady fine
Some day will be, but there's no luck for me.
The kinship's a secret in this place you see."
This fell from her tongue, but I was so young,
No import it had, and I never repeated
The words which I heard when at her side seated.



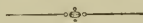
But why digress? One perfect day,
When Nature danced to orchestra
Of birds atune. And bees ahum
Announced the "summer opening" come;
When latticed vines at random trailed
Within a porch, where sunbeams paled,
Sweet Katharine sat, with heart oppressed
By early secret, unconfessed.
Young Morris May, as if by chance,
Now toward the porch made quick advance.
She, maybe, knew her face was sweet,
But, if she did, a kind deceit
Of innocence, served well to show
Those pretty charms, which dazzle so,
And dainty blooms, which come and go,
When worn by honest country girls,
With rippling laugh, and flowing curls.
He paused a moment. "Had no sprite
Appeared to me, one threatening night,
I'd bow in graceful homage, meet,
Before a shrine so pure and sweet."
This, whispering came; aloud he said,
As he a hearty welcome read,
"Old skipper Bell is at the dock;
Haste, Katharine, don a sailor frock;
The bay, alive with sails, is gay,
On this, fair Nature's holiday."
"The day is fair, I'll simply throw
My paisley o'er your arm and go."

Adown the walk they sped in haste,
Each jealous of a moment's waste.
They neared the dock, and Johnny Bell
Felt, suddenly, his great heart swell
With honest feeling, humble pride,
As anxious boatmen stepped aside
To watch the skipper taking tack,
A moment out, a moment back.
And then the pair, whose destiny
Would be revealed that fateful day,
Went sailing out, through channel, where
The sinking lighthouse, with its glare,
Had burned a place in memory,
Too deep for mortal imagery.
And where, as if to desecrate
The tragic place, there rose in state
A tower with legend well inlaid;
And Bell with earnest feeling said:
"A near completion, this square tower
Reminds you, Morris, of an hour' ——
"Oh, don't," with breathless gasp she cried.
"Old coward! Speak!" he said aside,
And with sweet inspiration true
Forth from his breast a slipper drew.
Both started. Morris quickly pressed
His hand against his throbbing breast.
He felt the slipper in its place,
While Katharine, with anxious face,
Now caught the slipper from Bell's hand.
The skipper, now, with bold command,
Beside two culprits read this tale,
Before which, each grew strangely pale.
"In Dobbs's den," he said with laughter,
"I found this hid beneath a rafter.
I knew its mate, and who possessed
This relic of a heavenly guest."
New joy filled Morris through and through.
Forth from his breast the mate he drew;
Began some tale, but no one knows,

Unto this day, what theme he chose:
For, skipper Bell, with gleeful cheer,
His cargo landed on the pier.
"What better place, he cried in glee,
To mate the slippers? He! he! he!"
And off he sailed. I only know
That 'neath the sunset's afterglow
A pair, with lingering footsteps, bent
Their way to "Harkness House," intent
On some grave problem of their own,
And left me, wondering, alone.



What wild huzzas ring through a town
When tottering walls go tumbling down,
And o'er their ruins new ones rise,
And point their turrets toward the skies!
When five long years had grown apace,
A light house rose with beaming face,
And shed, of its benevolence,
O'er home-bound sails a sure defense,
As, glancing shyly 'neath the main,
It turned its head in proud disdain,
And smiled aside, then turned again,
With pitying smile, as if repenting,
Fit emblem of fond pride's relenting
When face to face with pedigree
Of home-spun garb, and sad decree.

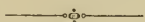


Now lo! Upon the village square
Are gathered swains and maidens fair.
Good Hannah and her son are there,
Good keeper May, with twinkling eye,
And homely grace of honesty;
And men of age, whose eyes are dim
With watching, at the river's rim,
For one great wave of kind behest,
To bear them to eternal rest.
All these were there, and children, too.
And there were women, wrinkled, old,

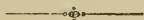
Who o'er and o'er the legend told.
From lip to lip it swiftly flew,
Till echoing legends were repeated
From every nook where groups were seated
On rustic seats, or scattered 'round
In careless ease, upon the ground,
Save from one shadowed corner, where,
In converse sweet, sat rustic pair.
The one, the queen of all the square,
The other, hero of the day—
Sweet Katharine Kline, and Morris May.
Behind a rustic altar sate
Good preacher Baxter, robed in state.
I placed a wreath on Katharine's head;
And ne'er was sweeter service said,
Than that which gave to Morris May
A bride, upon that holiday.
Good Hannah said ne'er since that night,
Had she beheld so fair a sprite.
To please a fancy of the skipper's
She wore the red morocco slippers.

Oh! let me speak in proud acclaim,
In memory fond, of Katharine's fame.
Her home a seat of culture was,
Her ear, e'er open to the cause
Of youth's advancement, brought by scores
An eager throng within her doors.
And these found Courage, Hope, and Cheer,
Enthroned, their earnest tales to hear.
E'en echoing love steals down the years
From guests transferred to heavenly spheres,
And swells the chorus of our song,
As Katharine's name we proud prolong.
Who first draws out our latent gift,
The mates who joined us by the way,
In pure and healthful rivalry,
Haunt still the place of first uplift.
While o'er one spot there hangs a spell.
My lips are mute, I may not tell.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE CHIEFS.

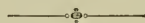


No crested wave, with sullen roar,
Breaks 'gainst Ontario's rugged shore:
No wavelet creeps along its breast;
The dainty breeze but soothes its rest.
By day, it mirrors heaven's own blue,
By night, the stars like glittering dew.
At one lone point, the cliff's stern front,
For ages, seared by battle's brunt
With bursting wave, and racking storm,
Has bowed its high and haughty form.
There juts a bay, embrasured deep
In vine-clad hills, now wrapped in sleep.
A sand bar, stretching from the west,
With cotton-woods waving on its crest,
To eastward points. Three islets green,
With channels flowing deep between,
Reach fondly toward the eastern shore,
And shield the bay from tempest's roar.
The timid soul, on such a day,
Could rest from fear on that bright bay.
It seemed the cruelest heart must there
Bid wrath and hatred cease, and care.
Its peaceful calm might well entice
A wandering sprite from paradise.



The sun, half up the eastern steep,
Shone fiercely on the unwrinkled deep,
When, on fair Loga's Isle* were seen
Ten fair-haired men enrobed in green
With broid'ry deep of scarlet braid,
Reclining 'neath a chestnut's shade.

Their chief in early manhood seemed,
With form as fair as maid e'er dreamed.
Tall, fair, erect, his stern blue eye
Incessant scanned earth, sea, and sky.
His every sense alert, as though
He felt the presence of a foe.
Thane, of a brave Norwegian folk;
Rolfe spurned fierce Harold's threatening yoke.
Twice beaten by the king in fright;
No choice was left but death or flight.
He sought the west, where, years before,
His kin found Greenland's frigid shore.
The king, still swayed by fear and wrath,
In swift pursuit flew on his path.
And Rolfe, too weak for battle, fled,
With comrades ten (all else were dead)
Far up a river's mighty flood;
Where Harold lost the trail of blood.



Urged upward, by both oar and sail,
Rolfe flies before the eastern gale,
Unknowing when pursuit would cease,
His thoughts on war intent, not peace,
His eye makes careful scrutiny,
And naught appears, but sky and sea,
Save where, on distant southern sky
There rests a webb-like tracery,
As he had seen, when far at sea,
On Norway's hills so wild and free,
Like some great pine tree's lofty head,
Which proudly stood, through ages dead,
The sight failed not to 'rouse anew
The waning courage of his crew.
Some lift the sail, some seize the oar;
Soon, they can note the rising shore,
And, care-worn, faint, at close of day,
They furl their sail in Sodus Bay.
How grandly beautiful, but yet,
Due caution must they not forget.

Lived here a race, whom they might meet?
Or, yet untrod by human feet
Was this fair land? Secure the while,
They beach their bark on Loga's Isle.
Quick rising, Rolfe observant stood.
Far south, he notes the silent wood.
A sweeping glance the lake he gave.
His eye sees naught but sea and wave.
He starts, for in the silence round,
His ear detects a distant sound.
Far east, a lofty bluff is seen,
From base to summit robed in green.
High o'er its top, two columns rise
Of smoke, and vanish in the skies.
Far south, responsive signals come,
And now, a sound, like muffled drum.
All, now alert, with tireless gaze,
On all sides scan the watery ways.
The Thane, to eastward turns his eye,
And south. It sweeps but vacancy.
But lo, an object now appears,
And swift yon eastern bluff it nears.
Close following, others move along,
Five, ten, a score, an endless throng.
With sound like muffled drum, now clear,
These boats with warriors appear.
Swift moving toward the bluff, the band
Draw high their boats upon the sand.
Deep night, in silence settles down.
Yon hill is dark, from base to crown.
The sounds erst wandering o'er the bay,
Die in the shades of dying day.
Their hunger stayed, one named to keep
On guard, the others sink in sleep.



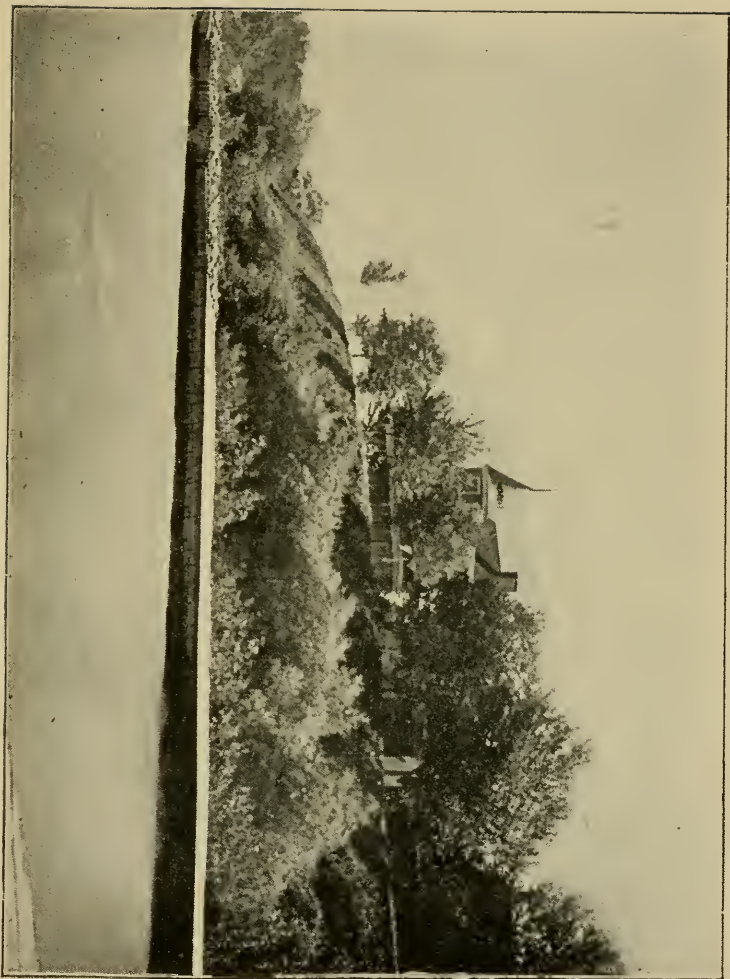
Fair Morn awakes. Rolfe, lured by sense
Of beauty regal, and intense,
Betakes him to a single boat,
And toward the channel sets afloat.

Where sunlit Minneloha* smiles,
And wins him with unconscious wiles.
Till, unto Nature's beauty wed,
He, all alert, with quiet tread,
Mounts to the headland, wreathed in mist.
Westward, the waves caressed and kissed
The shore, while from the gloom around
Came many a strange and muttering sound.
He starts. A distant sound, now clear,
Like panther-shriek, falls on his ear,
Again, again, it rises, fails,
Like yells and moans, like sufferer's wails.
Well he knew not, or fear had bound.
'Tis the dread war-whoop's fearful sound.
The dancing rays of morning sun
Break through the mist, and, one by one
Bay, island, headland bright and clear,
Before his anxious gaze appear.
And, on the hill-side to the west
His eyes in deep amazement rest.
A thousand moving forms, a band
Of warriors plumed, now crowd the strand.
All armed with maces, daggers, spears,
A battle axe at belt appears.
Fierce, angry cries of wrath and hate,
Foretell the rash intruder's fate.



Unto his crew he quick repairs,
And each the mortal terror shares.
Each dons his helm with raven crest.
Each binds his cuirass on his breast.
Each grasps his strong and brass-bound shield;
Though all shall die, not one shall yield.
Instant, the east was lost to sight,
While came a rushing sound, like flight
Of myriad sea birds, and it grew
To one deep thunder roll, which drew
Eastward their eyes. Half way the bay
Comes countless fleet in stern array.

* Point Charles.



" Where sunlit Minneloha smiles "

At once their error seen, they feel
'Tis wise their presence to conceal.
Not meant for them those wrathful cries.
'Tis trib' 'gainst tribe to battle flies.
Rolfe and his crew, unknown, they may
Avoid commingling with the fray.
The Mohawks' vengeful eyes, before
See naught but taunting foes on shore.
With cries of wrath and hate, some row,
Some fit the arrow to the bow.
And ere they meet the foes in fight,
An arrowy tempest takes its flight.
Quick from the shore an answering rain
Draws from the Mohawks shrieks of pain.
Unchecked, the fleet flies up the strand.
Their warriors crowd upon the sand.
The hostile line, swift leaping back,
Stands firm, arrayed across their track.
From twangnig bows the arrows sped.
Strong arms, trained eyes their fury led.
Some struck with erring course the ground.
Still more, their destined target found.
Life's crimson current stained the shore,
From warriors weltering in their gore.
The hosts to closer battle flew.
All hearts are maddened by the view.
Exulting foes! and slaughtered friends!
The mace, high brandished, swift descends.
The axe, sharp lifted, cleaves the head.
The living number scarce the dead.



There comes a change. The Senekees,
Who held the western shore with ease,
Had held their ground, but up the banks
Which guarded, on the right, their flanks,
Rushes a host, new come to land,
And falls upon the wearied band.
Exhausted, faint, and helpless quite,
The Senekees take sudden flight.

Toward where, beyond an open wood,
For years their peaceful hamlet stood.
Behold! They see, in mute dismay,
Their hamlet pass in flames away.
Who now their helpless ones shall save
From foes relentless as the grave?
Foes who, their fiendish work begun,
Inflict a thousand deaths in one.
Who laugh and dance with horrid glee
At scenes hell's blackest fiends would flee.
Sad, sad indeed, had been their fate,
Did they the conquering foe await.
But when disaster met their sight
They sprang, like sheep in panic flight.
And toward the shore their course they sped
Along a torrent's pebbly bed.
High on a smooth and grassy lawn,
A fleet of light canoes were drawn.
And, instant launching on the bay
They sped with rapid oars away.
On Loga's Isle they seek to land,
When Rolfe steps forth with helping hand.
First of the flying band the chief
Of Seneekees (whose absence brief
Another chief supplied) had flown
To save his people's and his own
Weak helpless ones, and leaped to land,
Then stood uncertain, on the strand.



One glance; he knew in Rolfe a friend,
His wife and daughter him attend.
The two toward Rolfe he silent led.
Rolfe puts a hand on either head,
And swore, by maiden beauty touched,
The worst to dare. Their safety vouched,
Scarce had they left the water's line
When whoop on whoop resounds behind.
A hundred warriors crowd the shore,
And in their boats in numbers pour.

Then, murderous as the swooping kite
Approach the rearmost in the flight.
Weak women, maids and children sate
The victims of the Mohawks' hate.
Around Rolfe's camp they huddled close,
While he the stoutest brave now chose
To guard them, while he launched his bark,
And made the Mohawk fleet his mark.



With bellying sail and bending oar
They rush upon the fleet before,
Mid ship the boats they cut in twain,
Whose scattered crews now swim the main,
And strive to reach the nearing shore
On which their conquering tribesmen pour.
Vain effort, since with swift advance,
Rolfe's crew assails them with the lance.
Pierced through and through, they fall the shore
And stain the waters with their gore.
Scarce ten of all that warlike band
Attain and sink upon the sand.
The Seneekees, with the hope renewed,
The carnage on the waves had viewed.
And leaping past their blazing home
Each angry mouth is flecked with foam.
And on the foes' unguarded rear
They rush with battle axe and spear.
Caught many a Mohawks' latest breath
That whirlwind of tempestuous death.
The Mohawks turn to meet attack,
Far toward the water line forced back.
And, shuddering with palsyng fear
See Rolfe's bold crew with leveled spear.
The Mohawks slow retreat before
The foe approaching from the shore.
But in their greater force confide,
And Rolfe assail on every side.
Swift locking shields, his men reform,
Their huge, two-handed swords they draw,

Their huge, two-handed swords they draw;
As winter's snows in spring-tide thaw,
As grass before tempestuous fire,
As leaves before the whirlwind's ire,
Vanish the threatening Mohawk bands,
And flee away, or strew the sands.
Their few survivors mount the hill
Unconquered and defiant still.
Their plunder-laden friends they meet,
And firmly forming, stay retreat.
The hostile lines, worn with the fray,
Their onset for a moment stay.
All start. All turn their gaze on high.
All tremble. Some in terror cry.
The unclouded sun, whose heat intense
Had almost palsied brain and sense,
Seems shorn at once of half his rays,
And pales before their anxious gaze.
At once all strife and bloodshed end.
The power on whom all lives depend
Has viewed in wrath from heaven's blue height
The murderous carnage of the flight,
And plunged both earth and sky in gloom;
A sure precursor of their doom.
The hours lag on. All silent stand.
Strange shadows move on sea and land.
Birds seek their nests, the wolf his den.
Deep horror rules the hearts of men,
When Rolfe, well versed in starry lore,
Between the lines moves up the shore.
Standing erect with arms outspread,
In brief unspoken prayer he led.
To Mohawk's chief one hand extends,
One to the adverse chief he lends.
Each one advancing from his band,
Accepts the hero's proffered hand.
Thus stood they, for a space, when slow,
Rolfe takes the right hand of each foe,
And joining them, kneels on the sod,

And asks the blessing of their God.
Each chief stern glances at his foe
With look deep wrought with weal or woe.
,Twas weal. Rolfe's tongue was strange, yet all
At once, their hostile arms let fall.
Each warrior with extended hand
Steps forward toward the adverse band.
Rolfe from all others stands apart,
And sees Peace monarch of each heart.



When war's fierce thunder from the poet's lyre
Resounds no more, nor moans the sounding wire,
When minor strains of softening, gracious peace,
Bid anguished shrieks and groans forever cease,
A metric change befits the muse that tells
Of hope and joy, and love and marriage bells.
These, now, themselves to gladsome frolic gave,
But, when the golden sunset tinged the wave,
The chiefs conferring, sign to Rolfe full sway,
To make wise forecast for the coming day.
The Mohawks then unto their boats repair,
While Rolfe seeks Loga's isle, and rests from care.
The warriors each greet other with a smile.
The chiefs have fixed on fair Neoga's Isle,
(The middle or Big Island, now 'tis known)
And when the sun, half raised, his face had shown
O'er the broad lake, Rolfe and his chiefs repair
To that fair isle, and form in council there.
'Tis needless to rehearse what there was said.
All bowed to Rolfe as their distinguished head.
Unknown their tongue, by each expressive sign
He told the lofty purpose of his mind.
Before the close, that union was begun
Which merged five mighty nations into one.
The wandering Norsemen now a footing found.
As years glide by new ties, new duties bound.
Rolfe takes the chieftain's daughter as his bride,
They on Kenoga's (eastern) Isle abide.
His friends take wives. Their blood, as ages pass,

Glows in the cheek of Indian lad and lass.
Their native land now melted as a dream.
Their full blue eyes now lost their warlike gleam.
The chieftain's daughter's downcast, modest eyes
Had made of Rolfe, the Thane, an easy prize.
No maid on Norway's distant, misty shore
Had ever filled his honest heart before.
The Viking blood a Viking spirit bred.
Long after Rolfe and his bold ten were dead,
Chiefs, showing Viking blood in form and face,
Stood the stern leaders of a conquering race.
Their sway, wide spread, their power and fame
 grown great,
The kindred nations swelled the growing state.
The Seneekees claim Rolfe and half his clan,
The Mohawks half; dim forecast of a plan
Of union sought by means of this white tie
Which was to clasp the throat of destiny,
And strengthen, though the ages pass the while,
Each day, the bond of fair Neoga's Isle.
The muse of history tells their matchless fame,
As Iroquois they left a mighty name.
To Dark Missouri's flood, from Sodus Bay,
Their Viking chiefs wide spread their conquering
 sway.
The Romans of the west long since are gone,
Leaving this legend of their early dawn.

A common play-ground of the Viking race
The lofty Bluff, with wooded charm and grace.
At night aglow with camp-fires dotted o'er
From shaggy height to low and pebbly shore,
Was interlaced with hidden winding trails,
Where legend weaves to day, her tragic tales.

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